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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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COMPENSATION.

Who falls to now for fear that he
Shall not be here to reap.
Must lie in bleak obscurity
Through all his final sleep.
The bard who sang, long, long ago,
When no one lent an ear,
Sang on for love of singing, though
They scoffed who chanced to hear.
To-day men seek his grave and bow
Beside his monument—
We laud the noble poet now,
Who couldn't pay his rent.

Who idly stands and shakes his head
And sighs and murmurs: "No!
Ere reaping time I shall be dead,
Why bother, then, to sow?"
For him no shaft shall ever rise,
To claim the pilgrim's gaze,
No love shall center where he lies,
No honor crown his days!
Who plants has hope, and though he may
Not see the fruitful fall,
He has foreseen a glorious day
And triumphs after all.

S. E. Kiser.

A CHANGE OF PURPOSE.

It was a bright morning, and a girl was breakfasting alone in the somewhat dingy sitting room of a Bloomsbury lodging house. She was young and pretty, with delicate, thoughtful looking features. She glanced at the clock—it wanted a few minutes to 9—then rose from her seat and walking to the window, pulled back the faded red curtains.

"A clear sky—there will be a splendid light soon for Phil," she exclaimed. She turned and made her way back to the fireplace. An envelope on the mantelpiece caught her eye. It was an old one, and had been there for some weeks, and she took it down once again, and drew a card out—a mere ordinary card, with the words, "Madge, from Dick," written upon it. She gazed at it reflectively; then replaced it with a little sigh.

"Ah, Dick!" she murmured, "if only things had gone a little better with us!" The chiming of a clock striking the hour caught her ear, and she made hurried preparations for her departure. On her way down she tapped at a door, and opened it half an inch.

"Many happy returns of the day, Phil, dear!" she called out. "It's a lovely morning. Good-by!" She ran down the stairs lightly. In the hall she was met by an elderly looking man in a velvet coat. She nodded brightly to him, and he opened the door for her.

"Your brother's birthday?" he asked with a smile.

"Yes. We must do something to-night in honor of it, and you must help us, Mr. Lintell! Good-by—I shall be late for my bus!"

About an hour later Phil Halstan emerged from his room. He was a tall, well-built young fellow, with a somewhat heavy, indolent looking face. He ate a leisurely breakfast, then, lighting a cigarette, dropped into an armchair by the fire and let his eyes travel slowly round the dull room. A look of disgust crept to his face.

"Ugh!" he exclaimed. "How horribly mean and sordid it all looks! Shall I ever get out of it?"

Presently he rose, and, going to a corner by the window, drew forward an easel. He sat before it and gazed at the blank canvas. Then he felt for his box of brushes and fingered them meditatively. Finally he laid them down and looked out of the window.

There was a tap at the door, and the next moment old Mr. Lintell entered. He lived on the upper floor and had got to be very friendly with Madge and her brother.

"I won't interrupt you," he began with a glance at the easel. "I only came to offer you my best wishes!"

"Thanks! Please don't go," cried Phil, as the old man moved toward the door. "Fact is, I don't think I shall do much more work now—rather thought of giving myself a holiday. My birthday, you know!" he added half jocularly.

Old Lintell came forward slowly. He looked at the blank canvas.

"It's going to be a great thing!" explained Phil. "I'm working out the idea now—it takes time, you know." The old man nodded and looked out of the window. He had been thinking a good deal of Phil lately—this boy who got up late, sat dreaming half the day, and loafed the other, who had never earned a penny in his life, kept in idleness by a devoted sister who, as typist in a solicitor's office, worked hard from morn to night, believing in him heart and soul.

He glanced up sharply at Phil.

"Might I see your portfolio?" he said, "I used to know something about art."

Phil pulled it out with alacrity, and opened it for the old man's inspection. Mr. Lintell turned them over one by one. They were crude and badly done, with no sign of distinctive ability whatever.

"Well?" asked Phil eagerly. He shared his sister's belief in himself. "Give me your candid opinion."

Mr. Lintell wiped his glasses and proceeded to oblige him. He told him the truth, the unpleasant, naked truth—and a wave of color swept over young Phil's cheek. Then he laughed.

"It is too ridiculous," he cried.

Old Mr. Lintell rose from his chair and made his way to the door.

"I am sorry," he said, "but I thought you ought to know."

Phil laughed again as the door closed on the old man—but it was an uncomfortable sort of laugh—the laugh of a man whose mind had been suddenly confronted with a new aspect of the case. He strode up and down the room.

"Of course, I shall be famous some day—shall pay little Madge back a thousand fold—and she doesn't mind working at present!" he reflected. "And he said I hadn't a particle of ability, that I was wasting my time, that I ought to be earning my living, keeping Madge, instead of letting her—!"

He glanced toward the window. The sun was shining temptingly. He walked to the mantelpiece and found two half-crowns which Madge had left there. Unthinkingly he slipped these into his pocket, then, taking hat and stick, made his way out of the house. He meant to go for a long walk, to think out his great idea. But he found he could think of nothing but old Mr. Lintell's words. The idiotic sentences kept running through his head. He, Phil Halstan, a mere loafer! The things was absurd; Madge herself would be the first to say so.

He walked for some time, and made an effort to think of something else. Presently he dropped in a cheap restaurant to have lunch. He sat down to a table; next to him two men were talking rather excitedly.

"I don't care who it is!" one was declaring emphatically. "The chap who loafs while a woman works for 'im is a 'ound, and deserves to be kicked!" "Why, I'd sooner sweep the roadway!"

Phil, with a red face, rose and hurriedly left the place.

It was half-past two the same afternoon when Madge ran lightly up the staircase of the house in Bloomsbury, and burst into the sitting room. Her face was flushed and her eyes sparkled. She saw a young man standing by the window. His back was turned to her.

"Phil!" she cried joyously, "I have a half holiday!"

The figure in the window turned and she gave a little cry of surprise.

"Dick," she gasped in astonishment.

Dick Eyvington came toward her, holding out his hand.

"Just Dick," he answered with a smile. He caught her hand and stood looking into her face.

"Something has happened, Madge, and I've come up at once from Anington to tell you about it."

The was a dainty flush on her cheeks; he thought he had never seen her look so beautiful.

"I hope it is something good for you, Dick," she said, "is it?"

"I don't know—yet," he said slowly. "That is, until I've heard what you have to say."

Now it happened that at this moment Phil Halstan was wending his way homewards. He let himself in with his latchkey and went up to their room. The door was not quite shut, and he heard voices—Madge's and another's. He recognized it after a moment. Then he caught a few of the words. He glanced around. The landing was dark. Hardly knowing what he did, he sank down on the first stair and listened.

"I knew things would come right at last, Madge, dear!" Eyvington's voice was saying. "But I didn't think it would be as splendid as this. A good post abroad—only open to a married man, too!"

There was a pause. Outside Phil

grasped the bannister. There was a slight movement by him, and turning his head he found Lintell had crept to his side.

Then they heard Madge's voice. It was low and tremulous.

"I'm so sorry, Dick, but—"

"Why, Madge, you love me?" "Yes, love you, Dick—always have loved you—always shall! But—"

There was a pause, then in a whisper, "There's Phil!"

Old Lintell laid a hand on the young man's shoulder.

"But surely Phil won't mind!" cried Eyvington. "He is a man and can earn his own living. He would not wish you to give up this."

"You don't understand, Dick!" There were tears in Madge's voice this time. "Some day Phil will be a great artist, be famous, but just now—he wants my help! Oh, Dick, I'm so sorry, but I can't leave him—can't go with you—though I love you so!"

Phil Halstan shook old Lintell's hand from his shoulder, and rose suddenly to his feet. He stood for a moment undecided, then crept away on tip-toe to the stairs. Old Lintell followed.

"What are you going to do?" he said.

Phil made no reply. He crammed his hat on his head, opened the door and stepped into the street. Old Lintell went with him, and they walked away together.

"Are you going to let her lose her one big chance of happiness?" said old Lintell in a low voice; "or going to continue to idle your life away—she keeping you?"

Phil hardly seemed to hear him. He was striding along with his hands thrust deep in his pockets, his eyes staring straight ahead of him. Suddenly he threw his head back.

"You heard—she doesn't want to go herself!" he cried, almost fiercely. "She'd soon forget all about it."

"A girl with a heart like Madge's never forgets!" replied old Lintell. "What are you going to do?" he repeated, relentlessly.

"A little more time—and I might do something big!" broke out Phil.

"You've loafed for three years—and done nothing!" said the old man. "You know you will never do anything in art. You've wilfully shut your eyes, and used it as an excuse to yourself and her for idling!"

The young man's mouth was twitching convulsively.

"You're right!" he cried, in a hoarse voice, "but what's there left for me to do—I know nothing, have done nothing!" he finished helplessly.

"Be a man. There's always something for a man to do! Remember what she has done for you."

They had reached St. Martin's Church at Charing Cross. Phil stopped and passed a hand over his brow. The old man watched him anxiously. He saw Phil's eye travel across the road to where the recruiting sergeants were pacing slowly up and down, alert for new blood. Then Phil Halstan suddenly gave his shoulders a jerk back.

"Yes," he said between his shut teeth. "There's always something left for a man to do!"

He crossed the road.

That night Madge was sitting alone reading a letter that had been brought to her by messenger. The tears came to her eyes as she read the last few sentences:

" * * * For three years I have played it as low as a fellow can. But I'm going to be a man at last, Madge. If you want to make me happy, dear, make me feel I haven't quite spoiled your life. < Go with Dick!"

The letter dropped from her hand. "Go with Dick!" she replied in a low tone.

There was a tap at the door; then a man was shown in—a young man with a pale and anxious face.

"Madge, I couldn't leave without asking you once again—Is it quite hopeless?" he began.

She raised her eyes to his, and he saw her lips tremble.

"Not quite hopeless, Dick, dear!" she whispered.—Gilbert Davis in *Mainly About People*.

It is not so much, what would Jesus do in my place, as what shall I do with Him in my heart.

AN EPISODE OF TWO CAMPAIGNS.

Harlem Local Reporter.

On the James river some miles below Richmond is a plantation manor house that was built in 1660. About the middle of the last century the owner of the estate was a widow, Mrs. Margaret Ritchie, who had two twin daughters, Barbara and Elizabeth. Mrs. Ritchie was very wealthy and very ambitious. She took her two daughters to Europe with a view to their marrying noblemen. A German baron proposed for Barbara and was accepted by the mother, who did not consult with her daughter in the matter, intending, if necessary, to enforce obedience. The mother did not know that Barbara had a love affair with a lieutenant in the United States army, Theodore Benton, a fine young fellow, but without a cent in the world except his pay. Had she been aware of this attachment she would not have brought her daughter back to America, which she did, thinking it proper that the baron should come for her at her own home.

Soon after her return Barbara met Lieutenant Benton at one of the houses facing the capitol over which soon was to float the Confederate flag. Already there were mutterings of the great struggle to come. Benton was a northern man, and both knew that this would be an additional reason why Mrs. Ritchie would never consent to their marriage. Barbara told her lover of the contract her mother had entered into in her behalf abroad. Benton urged her to marry him at once without her mother's consent, but she dared not. Soon after, while Benton and Barbara were still in Richmond, came the news of the firing on Fort Sumter. Benton hastened to find Barbara, told her that he must at once make his way north and again urged her to marry him. She consented, a clergyman was called, and the two were made man and wife. Benton reached Washington safely. Barbara went home to her mother and broke the news of her marriage.

The next summer those at the Ritchie plantation listened every day for a week to the distant boom of cannon in the battles about Richmond. Then the sounds, like a storm that had come, roared from the top of Malvern hill, but a short distance away. Evening had come and with it only the crackling of rifles on the picket line when a young officer rode up to the plantation, announced himself as Lieutenant Benton and, upon being told that the family were there, demanded to see his wife.

Mrs. Ritchie came into the drawing room and received him with a haughty manner by no means softened by the fact that he was an invader of her State and her plantation. She told him that Barbara was ill and that she did not wish to see him. When the war ended, she would apply for an annulment of the marriage. Benton flatly refused to believe the statement. Since he was with an army Mrs. Ritchie could not have him ejected. She therefore resorted to strategy. "If my daughter comes into this room and confirms what I have said, will you believe her?" "I will."

Half an hour later a young girl stood upon the threshold, pale as appeared with illness. Benton, seeing what appeared to be the shadow of his wife, stepped forward. The girl motioned him back.

"Theodore," she said, "I did wrong in marrying you without my mother's consent. Go away. I wish never to see you again."

Benton staggered from the house, mounted his horse and rode away. Two years later Grant laid a pontoon bridge across the James, advanced to Petersburg and besieged the place. During the passage of the Union troops across the river an officer rode up to the Ritchie plantation and without dismounting handed a negro a note addressed to Mrs. Theodore Benton. It read:

"Are you of the same mind as in the summer of 1862? If so, I will go away, and when you wish an annulment of our marriage I will not oppose it. THEODORE."

In a few minutes Barbara appeared at the door and between hysterical tears and laughter held out her arms. Benton sprang from his horse to her embrace.

The first piece of news the husband received was that Mrs. Ritchie had died; the second was an explanation of the renunciation which had occurred when Benton had been there before. Mrs. Ritchie was a woman who when her mind was made up would stop at no means which she regarded legitimate to accomplish her object. She considered that her daughter had been stolen from her. Therefore she had a right to repossess herself of her own property. She would not lie. She had asked Benton, "If my daughter comes into this room and confirms what I have said, will you believe her?" Then she ordered Elizabeth to personate her sister. Elizabeth, without strength of character to resist her mother, had done as she was told. Barbara, on the arrival of her husband, had been locked in her room and had not known of the outrage that had been committed until after her mother's death, when her sister confessed and begged forgiveness.

Barbara when she learned how she had been misrepresented to her husband was in agony. She had resolved to go north in search of him when the Union troops appeared.

Benton sent a note to his commanding officer announcing that he had found a loving wife and asking for a leave. It was granted, and that night the wedding was celebrated, not by the attendance of the neighboring planters, but by the rejoicings of the negroes, for whom with their new master, the day of jubilee had at last come.

MAURICE K. BROCKITT.

A WAX TO GET A HUSBAND.

"My dear," said Mrs. Colonel Morningdale, "why don't you marry?"

"Because no one is so stupid as to propose to me."

"Nonsense. It's because you have no mother to engineer the matter for you. You are fairly pretty, have a good disposition—and plenty of common sense, but you are not practical, or, rather too proud to angle for a man. Now it's a mistake to suppose the men want a girl to stand off and let them do all the courting."

"I thought they turned against women who show that they are fishing for a husband."

"They should not know that a girl is fishing."

"I don't want a fool."

"Fool! The brightest men are the easiest caught, for their knowledge is all of a different kind. There's Captain Griffith of the engineers, graduated head of his class at West Point, fine character, some fortune, everything to make him desirable. Come and visit me at the fort, do exactly as I order you, and I'll engage that both of you will be the happier for the result."

Gertrude Soyme laughed outright. "Will you come?"

"Yes."

"And obey me?"

"Yes."

"Very well; pack your things. We go tomorrow."

When the two women reached the fort, Mrs. Morningdale invited Captain Griffith to dinner. He talked most of the time about a widow who had appeared as the guest of Mrs. Major Fosdick and had taken the garrison by storm. After dinner Mrs. Morningdale was (intentionally) called away to visit a sick neighbor and left the captain and Gertrude together.

"What shall I do?" whispered Gertrude to her instructor before her departure.

"Nothing. I will give you your orders at the proper time."

Captain Griffith called several times a week. It was said that he divided his evenings between the widow and Colonel Morningdale's quarters, giving the Morningdales all he had left from the widow. Gertrude chafed her hostess good naturedly and when she was to get her instructions.

"We don't get any instructions in the army," said Mrs. Morningdale. "We wait till we get them. Then we obey them implicitly."

"Griffith is going to leave us," said Colonel Morningdale to his wife one day when he returned from his office.

"Ordered away?"

"Yes; Pacific Coast. Orders came from Washington this morning."

"H'm?"

When Mrs. Morningdale said "H'm" in that tone of voice, the colonel knew that it meant something.

"He told me, he would see us to say goodby between 8 and 9 this evening."

"He means to say goodby to the widow between 9 and midnight?"

After dinner Mrs. Morningdale took Gertrude aside and said to her: "Your orders are ready for you."

"Very well; I am ready for my orders," replied Gertrude, smiling.

"Captain Griffith will call this evening at 8 o'clock to say goodby, for he is going away. I shall be in the room till a quarter to 9, when I will excuse myself. When he takes leave of you, you will begin to cry."

"Cry," laughed Gertrude. "How can I cry at will?"

"If you can't cry, put your handkerchief to your face and sob."

The conversation which began in this pleasant tone ended seriously. Gertrude muttered, and Mrs. Morningdale was obliged to use drastic measures. She reminded her charge of their contract and told her plainly unless she obeyed orders their friendship would be ended. Then Gertrude fell in with the spirit of the joke, as she regarded it, and assented.

At 8:45 that evening Captain Griffith and Gertrude were left alone. When the clock in on the barracks tower struck 9, the captain arose to go. Gertrude thought of the part she was to play and found it impossible to repress a smile, which she hid behind her handkerchief. When the captain put out his hand for the farewell, she, like a good soldier, remembered her orders and obeyed them. She raised the handkerchief to her eyes. Griffith was thunderstruck.

"Miss Soyme!"

The orders were to sob, and Gertrude sobbed.

"Gertrude!"

Another sob.

"My dear girl, can it be?"

Another sob. Griffith advanced, put one hand to Gertrude's waist, the other to the handkerchief; but she held it firmly over her eyes, though it was sufficiently displaced from her mouth to show that she was laughing.

"Great heavens—hysterics!"

"Miss Soyme—Gertrude—sweetheart, you distress me beyond measure!"

The door opened, and Mrs. Morningdale stood on the threshold.

"Pardon me!" she said. "I—Griffith blushed to the roots of his hair."

"Mrs. Morningdale," he said, "do not misconstrue what you see. I love Miss Soyme and will never be happy till she has promised to be my wife."

Mrs. Morningdale's campaign was ended, and Gertrude was horrified. Nevertheless she married Captain Griffith, and there is not today a more devoted couple in the army.

"Don't tell me," says the matchmaker, "that a girl doesn't need a mother to see that she gets a good husband."—*Harlem Local Reporter*.

Big Guard for the Czar's Jewels.

The Jewels of the Russian imperial family form one of the most valuable collection in the world. This collection is guarded in a fortified castle watched over by a special detail of 180 retired officers and a body of soldiers. For this service they are well paid. No officer who in his days of active service was addicted to gambling or to extravagance can ever hope to be selected, as one of the custodians of the imperial jewels.

The Czar keeps a portion of his own private jewels in banks in London and Paris, so that in case a revolution should break out in St. Petersburg he would have an "anchor to windward" in the two foreign capitals.—*Jewelers' Circular Weekly*.

One of the latest inventions is an imitation vaccination scar that you can paste on your arm and thus fool the health officer. The scar costs a dime.

DEAF-MUTE MISSION IS FORMALLY NAMED.

THE REV. A. W. MANN PREACHES TO CONGREGATION IN CHRIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH—SAYS THERE IS NO ADEQUATE COMPENSATION FOR LOSS OF HEARING.

From the Springfield (O.) Press-Republic.

Novel and unique was the service at Christ Episcopal Church last night. The Rev. A. W. Mann, missionary of the Episcopal church to deaf-mutes in the district comprised of Western Pennsylvania, Ohio, West Virginia, Kentucky, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois and Wisconsin, gave an address to about twenty mutes, who had accepted the invitation to be present at the evening vespers.

The particular purpose of the service was the formation, or rather the giving of a name to a deaf-mute mission which has resulted from the labors of the Rev. Mr. Mann during the last twenty-five years. The name given to the mission which will be a component part of Christ Episcopal parish, is that of Ephphatha Deaf-Mute Mission. The name is taken from the allusion found in St. Mark vii., 32, in which place is recorded the miraculous healing of the mute man, when Christ used the word Ephphatha.

The Rev. Mr. Mann spoke on the subject of "Church Work Among Deaf-Mutes." While he was delivering his address in the sign language to the mutes, the Rev. Dr. A. C. McCabe, rector of the church, read a type written copy of the speech to the large congregation, which was present at the evening service.

ONE MUTE TO 1,600 POPULATION.

In the course of his address the Rev. Mr. Mann laid particular emphasis on the necessity of joining all the mutes in any one city into one church body. As he put it, "A fact not generally realized is that deaf-mutes are too few for denominational divisions. I suppose that in Springfield there are at least a dozen variant religious bodies. If all of these churches were to engage in the particular work of teaching the Gospel to these afflicted people, the utter folly of division will be made disagreeably apparent in the efforts of one denomination to build up a congregation at the expense of the others; and in many other ways that have been experienced by Christians who live in the villages and small cities. Division is expensive. Why not have one united, harmonious and strong congregation of deaf-mutes at each large centre, instead of several ridiculously small societies continually at war with each other?"

"There is no adequate compensation," said the Rev. Mr. Mann in an interview at the Arcade Hotel, after the service in the church. "for the loss of one's sense of hearing. The loss of hearing is so great. It cuts one off from the daily flow of thought from tongue to ear, and makes the acquisition of knowledge harder. The mind is deprived of a natural stimulus."

DEPRIVED OF THOUGHT FOOD.

"The thoughts which are poured into the ear daily make the mind think. The deaf are cut off from that. To gain knowledge they are obliged to read with the eye—a slow process. Scarcely anyone ever volunteers information to a mute and so he has to ask for it. A hearing person may catch that up in the course of listening; or, if he must ask, it is many times easier than getting out a pad and writing the question, and sometimes the interrogated person cannot read or write. The only compensation I think, that a deaf-mute has for the loss of his senses is freedom from disagreeable noises and nonsensical talk. But that, in my opinion, is a small compensation."

At the present time many valuable species of big game in South Africa are threatened with extinction. It is proposed to establish regulations for their preservation, and it is suggested that camps should be set apart for the purpose of breeding certain species in order that the country may be restocked with game.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 2, 1902.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

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"He's true to God who's true to man:
Whoever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

THERE will be a very interesting Memorial Service at St. Ann's Church, next Sunday, in memory of Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet, to whose life and work the present spiritual privileges of the deaf are due. Several of the deaf clergy from this and other States will make addresses, and some of the prominent deaf will be accorded the privilege of making a few remarks pertinent to the occasion. The service will not be restricted to the deaf of any creed, and all will be cordially received and welcomed, who desire to show, by their attendance, their respect for the memory of their dead friend. Dr. Gallaudet pursued through life the broad path of the true Christian, and was not confined to the narrow bounds begotten of bigotry. This the deaf realize now more than they ever did during his lifetime. His benevolence knew no limit, and his unflinching faith approached the utmost limits of the sublime. He labored unweariedly in the cause of the deaf; he lived a life of simple, unostentatious benevolence; he denied himself all luxuries and many comforts;—and he died poor, if we measure riches by the accumulation of substance; but if a good name is better than riches, then did he leave more wealth to the world than any other man of his generation.

CONSIDERABLE excitement was created among the adult deaf of this city last week, by the simultaneous charges, in all of the New York dailies, of irregularities in the Lexington Avenue School—known as the Institution for the Improved Instruction of Deaf-Mutes. The usual sensational exaggerations were handed to the public, and the worst construction placed upon the financial management of the school. The real situation, however, is that the authorities of the school are to appear before the Board of Estimate and make clear their position, and justify their monetary claims upon the city and the wisdom which directed the channels of its expenditure. Until the matter is passed upon by the Board of Estimate, opinions should be reserved.

It is related of a certain evangelist in Ireland that he was in the habit of addressing his audience as "Dear Souls," wherever he happened to be conducting services. When he was in Belfast it was over and over, "Dear Belfast souls," and when he was in Cork, "Dear Cork souls," in which instance his audience was overcome with laughter before he knew what he had said.

A Lecture.

Thomas Francis Fox, M. A., will deliver a lecture, entitled "Science and the Supernatural," in the Guild Room of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, on Tuesday evening, October 21st, at eight o'clock. Admission free.

CALLAUDET COLLEGE.

First Foot Ball Game Brings Defeat.

THE CO-ED SOCIETIES.

Salmagundi.

From our Regular Correspondent.

The bustle and excitement which always succeeds the opening of the College are gradually subsiding, and ere long even the newest duck will be accustomed to the "grind," which is very characteristic of Kendall Green.

In our last letter we said that the game scheduled for the 27th, with Lafayette College, would not come off, as the time intervening between the opening of the football season and that date was too short to permit the raw material on the team to be in shape to meet such strong opponents as Lafayette. This was the original intention of the football management, but, however, at the last moment, Coach Cowley, '03, and Captain Erickson, '03, decided to go on with the game, feeling certain that the raw material would learn more in a game than in an extra week of practice. This proved to be a wise move, as the new men now know what kind of opponents they expect to face later on, and several weak spots have been discovered in the line, which will be strengthened before the next game scheduled.

As to the game itself, it came off in the afternoon, at Easton, Pa. Gallaudet lost as everybody expected. The score was 23 to 0, but as Lafayette is the strongest eleven in the State of Pennsylvania next after the U. of Penn., we think Gallaudet has not lost any prestige by this defeat. Keeping the opponents from running up a very large score speaks very well for a comparatively new team, as the one we have.

The game began with the kick-off by Lafayette. Gallaudet unsuccessfully attempting to penetrate Lafayette's line, was forced to kick. Rietter caught the ball and made a long gain before being nailed. By a series of line bucks and end runs Lafayette scored a touchdown. Gallaudet kicked off, and by the same tactics, Lafayette managed to make two more touchdowns before time was called. Total score at end of first half, Lafayette 17, Gallaudet 0.

Gallaudet braced up in the second half and all that Lafayette could do was to score a single touchdown and a goal. Score: Lafayette 23, Gallaudet 0. Line up:

GALLAUDET.	Position.	LAFAYETTE.
Escherich	right end	Brown
Garrett	right tackle	Thomas
Lovelace	right guard	Haskins
Winston	centre	Knicker
Hewetson	left guard	Priest
Gale	left tackle	Launt
McDonough	left end	Kinder
Robertson	right half back	Scammel
Erickson	left half back	Wack
Phelps	quarter back	Reeder
		Hilder
		Stacy
		Carpenter
		Sitzner

Umpire—Mr. Smilleau. Referee—Mr. Parker. Timers—Mr. Davis and Mr. Hill. Line-men—Mr. Stayer for Lafayette, and Winemiller for Gallaudet. Time of halves—20 and 15 minutes. Goals kicked—Trout 3.

Since our former communication, Miss Ritchie and Mr. Hemstreet, both of the senior class, and Mr. Wys '04, have returned to college.

The Gallaudet College Athletic Association held its fall meeting in the Lyceum, last Monday afternoon. The treasurer's report showed the receipts and expenditures, since January 1902, to be \$792.35 and \$717.71 respectively, leaving a balance of \$74.64, with which to begin the football season. The practice of giving season tickets to all persons contributing \$1.00 or more to the support of the Association, was abolished by an almost unanimous vote, and the voluntary contribution method of raising funds, which had been in vogue since the organization of the association, but which was suspended by the season ticket method last year, was again adopted. At the close of business, the following officers for the ensuing half year were elected: President, Flick, '03; Secretary, Marshall, '04; Treasurer, Hendryx, '04; Baseball Manager, Roberts, '04; Football manager for the season 1903, Roberts, '04.

Stevens, '05, has been chosen captain of the Reserves, vice Neesam, '04, resigned on account of being usher at the Kendall School. Reports were current to the effect that Miss Constance Draper, one of last June's graduates at Wellesley College, had been appointed assistant in Greek for her Alma Mater, but when a representative of the Press Club sought to have the report confirmed, her father, Prof. Draper, promptly denied it. Although Miss Draper has received several tempting offers, she will remain at home in Washington for a year at least, and then may accept one of these offers.

Ernest Draper, Prof. Draper's

son, has entered Amherst College. He has been elected captain of the Freshman Tennis Club, of that College. This speaks well for Kendall Green of which Ernest is a product.

Sunday school classes were arranged by the Faculty at a meeting held in the parlors last Sunday eve, the 21st. Dr. Gallaudet has the seniors for his class, at the same old corner.

Last week, the Press Club was re-organized with Hughes, '03, as Chairman, Roberts, '04, Secretary, and Miss Swift, '05, as representative on the girls' side of the College. The object of the club is to facilitate news gathering for the various deaf-mute newspapers.

Demosthenes Cleero Drake, '04, has a new National bicycle. He is a hustler as well as an orator, judging from the large number of "Ads." he has obtained for the *Buff and Blue*. Every afternoon he is seen soliciting "ads" from the different merchants in the city. His oratory, augmented with an irresistible stock of glib, is usually too much for these honest tradesmen, who invariably agree to have advertisements in his magazine.

Douglas Craig, M. M., is enjoying a long-wished-for vacation of two weeks' duration. When not visiting his friends, he can be found at his rabbit house, just behind the stable.

Price, L. C., left here Saturday afternoon for his home in Pittsburgh, where he will attend a business college. He does not expect to return here. Robertson, of the same class, left the next day for his home in North Carolina. His father is very ill, and not likely to recover. Mr. Robertson has the sympathy of the whole student body, and it is hoped he will be able to return to college soon.

Last week we made a mistake in stating that Miss Schwartz, '05, was among us. She will be back by October 6th.

According to an unbreakable custom of the Co-eds, the Ducks entertained the young ladies of the four upper classes in the library, Friday evening. Our reporter says it was amusing to see them overcome their bashfulness.

The week just passed was occupied by the Co-eds in reorganizing their various societies and clubs. The O. W. L. S. election resulted as follows:—President, Miss Fitzgerald, '03; Vice-President, Miss Weidenmeier, '04; Critic, Miss Ritchie, '03; Secretary, Miss Swift, '05; Treasurer, Miss Anderson, '06; Librarian, Miss Goslin '04. The Executive Committee chosen by the president for the term is composed of Miss Brooks, '03, Miss Hansen, '04, and Miss Morse '05.

The officers of the Jollity Club are Miss Hansen, '04, president; Miss Hall, '05, secretary; Miss Fisch, '05, treasurer; and Miss Marshall, '06, custodian.

The officers of the Reading Room Club for the term are, Miss Brooks, '03, chairman; Miss Hansen, '04, secretary; Miss Myers '03, treasurer; Miss Webster, '03, librarian; and Miss Henderson, '06, assistant librarian.

The Tennis Club has for its officers, Miss MacPhail, '03, as president, and Miss Hansen, '04, as secretary-treasurer.

Friday evening, the 25th, will be long remembered by the members of the Chrystal Club, when all the Freshmen, Ducks and Normal students, besides Misses Peet and Patterson, were introduced into the mysteries of the club. The Chrystal club doubtless is a new organization, and this is the first time that we on this wing have heard of its existence.

An Atlanta, Ga., newspaper, received by Erickson, '03, last week, contains a full length map, and account of George Andrew, '02, who is at present coaching the Georgia Technical School football team.

An agent for Arthur Johnson Sporting Goods Co., of New York City, was around here last Wednesday, taking orders for football uniforms, jerseys, shoes, harness, etc.

A bike run to Cabin John Hotel was scheduled for Saturday afternoon, but only Marshall, '03, and ye scribe participated in it. Evidently, cycling is on the wane.

Miss Helen Price, '97, was the guest of Mrs. Hall, Saturday and Sunday.

Miss Louise Turner, formerly of Fanwood, is now a member of the High Class of the Kendall School. She expects to enter college next fall.

Mr. Elmer Hannan, ex-'01, who resides in Washington, left Saturday for Chicago, to enter the Chicago Art Institute. Mr. Hannan is a promising young sculptor, and his friends here look forward to the time when he will be classed with Hamar, Tilden, and other famous artists.

A certain green Freshman (it would be treason were we to give his name) on the football team, is a source of amusement to the rub-necks, who go over to the field every afternoon to see the team at practice. Mister Freshman makes it a point to butt the ground with his caput, whenever he falls on the ball. This is not without reason either, for like Anteus of old, he becomes stronger after each dig into Mother Earth's bosom. We betide the opponent who allows his an-

atomy to remain in the path of this sturdy Freshman, a single butt from that head which has rested so often in the earth's bosom, would place him *hors du combat*.

Flick, '03, has been chosen head senior.

The Kappa Gamma Fraternity will hold its regular fall meeting in the Lyceum, to-morrow afternoon.

PETER T. HUGHES.

Sept. 28, '02.

PHILADELPHIA.

News items for this column should be sent to James S. Reider, 1533 Dover Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Mr. Howard E. Arnold was tendered a surprise party, in honor of his birthday, by his father and sister, on Saturday evening, 27th of September. It was a beautiful and enjoyable affair. Miss Edna G. Arnold acted as hostess, and charmingly entertained the guests. Dainty delicacies were served, and among the party broke up. Among those present were Mr. J. Howard Arnold, Miss Edna G. Arnold, Mr. Howard E. Arnold, Mrs. J. S. Wilds, Miss Nellie K. Cooke, Miss Mamie J. McBride, and Mrs. J. S. Reider and daughter, Sarah; and Mr. J. A. Melvaine, Jr.

Prof. F. W. Booth is still a very sick man. On Sunday he began to take a little nourishment, which inspired additional hope among his friends. His condition, however, is such that a relapse might occur any time. Three doctors are attending him now. Great anxiety is felt about Mr. Booth's condition by his friends at Mt. Airy and in the city. They inquire daily at the house about him, but no one is allowed to see him.

On Saturday evening, September 27th, yet another surprise party took place among our deaf. It was given to Mr. Charles Parlington, of Chester, by his wife, assisted by some friends. Mr. Parlington was made the recipient of some pretty presents. Games were played and an enjoyable evening spent. The hostess served an elegant collation to her guests, who were Miss M. E. Taylor, Miss Emma Shields, Miss C. Ford, Miss S. McKee, Miss D. Kintzel, Mrs. M. J. Syle, Mrs. C. McVea, Mr. and Mrs. H. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. D. Paul, Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Smith, Messrs. Wm. McKinney, Thos. E. Jones, H. G. Gunkel, Chas. Yoder, and R. R. Robertson.

The attention of the Philadelphia readers is called to the change of service from morning to afternoon at All Souls' Church next Sunday. Service will begin at 2.30 P.M., and the Bible classes will resume after it. The Communion service, which is usually held on the first Sunday of the month, will be postponed to October 19th, on which day the Gallaudet Memorial service will be held. It is expected that Rev. Dr. Chamberlain and others will assist Rev. Mr. Koehler at the Memorial service.

Rev. J. M. Koehler, by special request, will assist the Rev. Dr. Chamberlain at the Gallaudet Memorial service at St. Ann's Church in New York, next Sunday evening, October 5th.

Harry S. Smith has returned to his old position with the Avil Publishing Company, after a seven weeks vacation, which was spent in camping, fishing, and gunning. He was through part of the coal regions, but saw nothing of the strikers. He was accompanied by a hearing friend, and they made the trip on a freight train. His vacation was spent at his parental home in Rosemond, N. J.

Marvin S. Hunt, of this city visited his home in Lambertville, N. J., over Sunday.

Mrs. Dihnorn, mother of Mrs. James E. Morony, and one of the oldest deaf-mutes in this city, died on Saturday, at 7.30 P.M., of general debility, aged 87 years. She graduated from the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. Her health for a long while past was very poor. She was to be admitted to our new Home for Aged and Infirmed Deaf when it opens. Her funeral will take place to-morrow (Tuesday) afternoon. We extend our sympathy to the family.

Mr. Herbert Syle has been appointed a teacher in St. Luke's School for Boys, at Wayne, Penna.

Mrs. M. J. Syle's daughter, Irene, will attend St. Mary's School in Burlington, New Jersey.

Miss Franklin has just returned from Washington, D. C., where she spent fifteen days.

Frank P. Zell was very sick for two weeks with lumbago, but now is about again.

Mrs. Leslie Hoopes son has secured work in this city.

Chas. S. Yoder, after several months' stay at Ocean City, N. J., returned to the city on Saturday last, to resume his regular work.

Mrs. Geo. T. Sanders had a severe last week which she will not soon forget. She and a friend gathered what they thought were mushrooms, but they were not the right kind, and the reader can imagine that it just made them feel terrible the night after the "feast."

The Cleric Literary Association held a social meeting last Thursday evening.

NEW YORK.

Dr. Gallaudet Eulogized in Brooklyn.

A BIRTHDAY PARTY.

News Items.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or on a postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

On Thursday evening, September 25th, the Brooklyn Guild had a memorial evening in honor of the late Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet. And a more dismal, dreary, stormy evening could not be conceived. It seemed as if the heavens wept and sobbed in sympathy for our dead friend. About fifty braved the storm to be present, but the choir of young ladies, which was to sing in signs Dr. Gallaudet's favorite hymn, were afraid to venture out and do battle with Jupiter Pluvius, so that advertised feature of the evening was omitted.

President Juhring presided; and Mr. Wilkinson attended to the numbers on the program.

After a fervent prayer by Rev. Dr. John Chamberlain, a set of resolutions in memory of Dr. Gallaudet, were read. They are to be officially adopted by the Guild.

Mr. E. A. Hodgson was then called upon to deliver his eulogy on the late Rev. Dr. Gallaudet. It occupied an hour in delivery, and received the earnest attention of every one present. He touched on every phase of Dr. Gallaudet's work and influence—in education,

religion, charity—and showed how much he had done for the uplifting of the deaf; how he had enriched their lives with all that was good in precept and example; the vast sums of money he had brought to the cause of the religious welfare of the deaf and to the deserving charity which bears his name—the Gallaudet Home for Aged and Infirmed Deaf-Mutes—and yet, for himself he accumulated nothing. He died poor, but he left a name that will live forever.

After a short address by Rev. Dr. Chamberlain, and a few remarks by Mr. Wilkinson, President Juhring adjourned the meeting, and all fled out into the stormy night.

Mr. and Mrs. Redmond gave a birthday party to Mrs. Redmond's son, James S. Hogan, who had on the 27th of September, reached his twenty-first year. It was in the nature of a surprise, and brought together a large company of deaf and hearing friends. Mr. Hogan received many fine presents, but the best of all was a handsome gold watch, from his mother and step-father, on which was engraved a monogram of the initials of his name.

At eleven o'clock a fine supper was served.

Those of the deaf who were present were: Mrs. Buhle, Mrs. E. V. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Blakeman, Mr. and Mrs. Tobin, Mrs. Donnelly, Messrs. I. N. Soper, I. Golland, Felix Fernandez, Robert Stewart, E. A. Hodgson. The hearing friends were: Mr. and Mrs. August DeJonge and children, Mr. and Mrs. David Limmel, Mrs. Guttsell, the Misses Annie and Sadie MacCreary, Jennie and Josie Guttsell, Frederica E. Nelson, Beatrice Hafl, Maude Nelson, Gussie Leuchner, Tillie Dietrich, Florence N. Anderson; Messrs. Malcolm J. Fox, George Gollner, Ernest Gollner, W. J. O'Brien, W. H. Leuchner, M. E. Fernandez.

Early Sunday morning last, Messrs. Albert Hockstahl, Anthony Schuermann, Henry Schuermann and R. E. Maynard, started from Demarest, N. J., on a nine-mile drive to Piermont, N. Y., where they were joined by a party of seven hearing gentlemen. They all embarked on a forty-foot cat boat and spent the day cruising on the Hudson River above the Tappan Zee. Later in the day severe showers came up and drenched all hands to the skin. Nevertheless the yachtmen, who had no fear of a little thing like rain, with the mighty water all around them enjoyed the sail immensely. Anchor was made for a couple of hours and a good mess of the finny tribe hauled in. Albert Hockstahl took the prize for the largest fish, and Anthony Schuermann the prize for the largest eel, though he suffered a broken rod as a consequence. The return drive to Demarest over wet and muddy roads was—well—slow!

Joseph Changnon is working on a building that faces Bloomingdale's, on East 59th Street. He is a first-class bricklayer, and on the present building he is doing the complicated and precise work of the front corner.

Miss Esther H. Spanton is traveling and visiting friends in the Middle West, but expects to be in New York again about October 15th.

Stephen Hannon, of Kingston, N. Y., called on Miss Lillian Dornblut, at her home in Port Richmond, on September 20th. Miss Dornblut was a guest of Mr. Hannon's parents for two weeks. They propose visiting Fanwood on October 19th.

The strike at the Rand Drill Works, in which Mr. M. H. Leary and Mr. Patterson, of Tarrytown, are employed, was quickly settled. Messrs. Leary and Patterson go to work again at increased wages.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Le Clercq have moved into the vicinity of Morningside Park. Previous to changing his residence, Mr. Le Clercq donated about three hundred magazines to the League of Elect Surds.

Mrs. Charles L. Schindler is said to be quite sick. It is reported that an attack of pleurisy has developed into pneumonia, and that her condition is grave.

An uncle of Miss Freyberg died last month, at his home, in Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

TURNING LIGHTNING FLASHES INTO FOOD.

LATEST MARVEL OF SCIENCE TO SAVE THE WORLD FROM STARVATION.

Through the medium of a lightning's flash the population of the world may be saved from ultimate starvation.

The slowly increasing poverty of the soil may be revived.

Prosperity and plenty may be wrung from the atmosphere by means of the zigzagging thunder-bolt.

Food may be manufactured from the air.

This is the latest marvel of science.

Nitrogen is the fairy godmother of the earth, and through nitrogen all these things may be accomplished.

With the tremendous electric power of Niagara Falls experiments are now going on that may ultimately revolutionize the economic conditions of the world.

So quietly have these experiments been conducted that very few persons outside a certain coterie of electro-chemical scientists knew that they were being made.

The time is near at hand when almost everything that is necessary to animal and vegetable existence may be wrung from the air—when you may sit at your twentieth century dinner table and say:

"Alphonse, bring me some 'aerial potatoes,' or kindly pass me the 'protein biscuits,' and hurry up with that 'albuminoid omelette.'"

There is but little exaggeration in this. There was no man so bold as to predict the Morse telegraph seventy-five years ago. There was no man so foolish as to prophesy the wireless telegraph twenty-five years ago, or the telephone fifty years ago.

Yet all these things have been accomplished and are now trite and commonplace.

Then why not this new marvel of science—the transformation of air into almost all the necessities of life?

PREDICTION OF THE INVENTORS.

The inventors themselves confidently predict the manufacture of starch and other protein compounds from the air within a very few years.

This invention came about through the strange prediction made by Sir William Crookes, the famous English scientist, that the population of the world would starve within the next thirty-five years through the exhaustion of the earth's nitrates.

Speaking before the British Association of Science at Bristol, in 1898, Sir William prophesied universal death.

He argued that if all the grain-growing countries in the world should plant to their utmost capacity, on the most careful calculation the yield would barely suffice for the enormously increased number of bread-eaters in existence in 1931.

What then? Starvation, pestilence and death. Even now the guano beds are practically exhausted, and the grain-bearing soil of the earth is rapidly becoming unequal to the strain put upon it.

"What is needed, and what we must have," said Sir William, "is nitrate in unlimited quantities for the fields. Otherwise the world must eventually face sure starvation."

Reading the pessimistic prediction of Crookes, Charles S. Bradley, an electro-chemical engineer of Buffalo, began to ponder upon it.

Here are the facts upon which he brooded night and day: Grain of almost every kind pre-eminently demands nitrogen. So does grass and every form of vegetation. In the sewage of towns and cities nitrogen to the value of \$100,000,000 is wasted yearly. The world cannot endure this drainage forever.

Suddenly Mr. Bradley remembered that every square yard of the earth's surface has nitrogen gas pressing down on it to the extent of seven tons.

"Here are nitrates in unlimited

quantities," he reflected. "But how am I to get at them? This nitrogen is in a free state, while grain and vegetation demand it fixed."

MR. BRADLEY'S INSPIRATION.

About this time Mr. Bradley had an inspiration. He would burn his nitrates from the air by means of lightning. He, in common with other scientists, knew that the air immediately surrounding a lightning flash underwent a chemical change, and he thought that perhaps a high voltage, direct current made to arc in a close room, would convert air into nitrogen trioxide.

It was a beautiful thought, but would it succeed as a commercial proposition?

Mr. Bradley disclosed his plan to D. R. Lovejoy, a graduate of Cooper Union and an assistant in the electrical engineering department of Columbia College.

Mr. Lovejoy regarded the scheme as feasible, and the two men entered into a partnership.

They erected a building at Niagara Falls, and began a series of elaborate and costly experiments. In this building was a room ten feet square. On either side of this room were many metal nodules from which the lightning was to flash.

There was an air-tight passage leading from this room to a tower, the use of which will be described further on.

They had made their plans with the utmost nicety, but were apprehensive of the result. They harnessed their factory to Niagara, and depended upon Niagara to do the rest.

When the time arrived for their first experiment to take place both Bradley and Lovejoy stood looking through the thick square of plate-glass into the "lightning room."

Bradley turned a little brass switch. In an instant the interior of the room was rattling and roaring and snapping and glaring with the flames of lightning that darted from side to side and point to point like fiery serpents.

Then a strange transformation took place. The air in the room began to flush into a brownish red.

The two men looked at each other and smiled. They knew that the red, gaseous substance was tri-oxide of nitrogen. Here were the earth's nitrates in the form of gas at least. But would they prove commercially available?

The red gas began to pass up the pipe to the airtight chamber in the "absorption tower," where it was converted into nitrates so rapidly that the inventors were dazed.

They had succeeded beyond their utmost expectations. Not only had they succeeded in making nitrates from the air but by forcing the red gas through water they could manufacture nitric acid in practically unlimited quantities.

They could revivify the waste places of the earth. Sir William Crookes's prophecy had been shattered like a thunderbolt.

Lord Kelvin regarded the Bradley-Lovejoy invention as the most wonderful thing he saw during his recent visit to this country.

But another and a not less horrible fate than that predicted by Crookes confronted the world previous to the invention of Bradley and Lovejoy.

It was the fate outlined by Lord Kelvin one of the foremost scientists of the world some years ago, when he declared that all the oxygen of the air would be exhausted within a few hundred years by the reckless waste entailed by large furnaces and manufactories. One ton of coal will consume three tons of oxygen.

Therefore the population of the earth are rapidly working out their own ruin by this almost inconceivable waste of oxygen.

Lord Kelvin said: "The extravagant waste of oxygen by modern manufacturing processes may leave the inhabitants of the earth without air for breathing within a short and calculable time."

Here again the marvellous invention at Niagara Falls may come to the rescue of mankind. Through the process of replenishing the earth's vegetation by means of nitrates from the air an incalculable amount of oxygen is produced and ultimate asphyxiation postponed.

RELIGIOUS SERVICE.

MADISON AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

N. E. Corner Seventy-third Street.

Sermon to the deaf by the pastor, Rev. Howard Agnew Johnston, D.D., every Sunday evening, at 7.30 o'clock. A cordial welcome to all.

Bible Class, at eight o'clock, taught by Mrs. Wm. H. Rose.

Reading Room and Gymnasium open to the members and their friends every Friday, from 8 to 10 P.M.

The young women of Japan are eager to be new along with the rest of their progressive country. They are anxious to study not only medicine, but civil engineering, and the government is going to erect a university for them.

OHIO.

An Application from India.

TWO ENTERTAINMENTS.

Deaf Boy's Death Causes Trouble—Set-Back for Day Schools.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 903 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

All the teachers, but Miss Lincoln, who is detained at home on account of sickness, were on hand at the teachers' meeting Tuesday evening. Their general appearance indicated that they enjoyed their vacation, and were in good condition to withstand another year's work. Supt. Jones expressed his gratification upon their return, and hoped for a good year's showing. He explained the duties for opening day and what was expected of them on the occasion, and during the term. Two of the old familiar faces were missing. Misses Kail and Clark, they having been married during vacation, and their successors, Misses Marsh and Snader, were present. There were frequent showers on the opening day. The arrivals of pupils showed no marked increase, despite the two weeks' lengthening of the vacation. Three hundred and eighty were registered the first day. Some are holding back to take advantage of the excursion rates to-morrow, and it is likely the registration mark will be up in the 400 and a score. There was only one session of school on Thursday and Friday, the afternoons being spent in unpacking, marking and listing pupils' clothing. "The Institution is the best managed of all those in the State and in the United States. I am acquainted with all, and I have visited some in Europe." Thus wrote a reverend Father of the Catholic faith, who brought a pupil to the Institution Wednesday, to us while in a conversation with him at the depot, after he had delivered his charge. He certainly did not overdraw the estimate, for under the superintendency of Mr. J. W. Jones, the institution has taken the front rank. "Onward and upward" is his motto.

The other day Superintendent Jones received a letter from far away Bombay, India. The gentleman writing it, asked if his son could be admitted into the Institution. His name is Rai Sahab Mohd Ram, and he lives at Lahore, India. He is anxious to have his son taught to speak, read and write, and for this purpose had gone to Bombay with the hope of having him admitted into the school for the deaf there. In this he was disappointed, as those in charge of the school stated that he was too old, his age being 16. His son, he says, attends an art school, and is being taught architectural drawing; never had an opportunity to learn to speak, read and write, but copies fairly well written letters in English, but does not understand what he copies. The gentleman is evidently one of means, as he asks a number of questions regarding the tuition expenses, etc., and should his son be allowed to come over he proposes to have another son accompany him as a guardian and whom he desires at the same time to fit himself as a teacher of the deaf, so he might start up a school in his country. Superintendent Jones had to deny the request for the young man's admission into the Institution, for the reason that only resident deaf are allowed the privileges.

Mr. Joseph George Hall, of Cincinnati, Ohio, was admitted to the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf, last Saturday. The writer and Principal Patterson accompanied him up Sunday morning. Mrs. A. H. Schory also came up later to visit Mrs. Beuchat, at the request of her daughter. Mrs. Beuchat's health has been on the decline owing to old age, 83. Another daughter from Indiana is now with her. During the afternoon, Mr. Patterson conducted a religious service for the people. Superintendent Byers has started a new industry—the raising of Belgian hares. He has fitted up two rooms on the second floor of the old brick building for the purpose, and has a colony of a dozen or more of the rodents pent up in screened boxes. Mr. Hall looks after the feeding of them and he likes the work.

The Ladies' Aid Society held its first meeting since Spring, on the 18th inst. Since May, the Society has expended \$37.10 for room furnishings at the Home. Miss Greener gave another list of things urgently needed and it was voted to buy them. Mrs. Geo. W. Halse was made an honorary member. Before her marriage to Mr. Halse, she was an active member. Miss McNally was also chosen a member. An entertainment will be given later on by the committee in charge,

of which Mrs. Ella Zell is chairman. The Normal students for the year will be Miss Margaret Schumacher, of Cadiz, and Miss Lulu E. Alspach, of Upper Sandusky.

Miss Yendes, of the Western Pennsylvania School for the Deaf, was a visitor here Thursday, and was shown in the way of school work what little there was to be seen on the first school day of the term.

Herman Hess, of Toledo, has been sued for divorce by his wife, Ida Hess, nee Tank. She wants alimony. The case will be heard in October.

Mr. Frank Walton, whose serious sickness was mentioned some time ago, is on the mend and hopes to be able to work again some time in October.

Mrs. Maggie Feine returned to her home, Youngstown, Monday. She felt greatly pleased with the entertainments given her by the Columbus deaf during her visit in Columbus.

Mr. Ezra Hedges was the guest of Mr. Ernest Zell from Saturday to Tuesday.

Sept. 27, '02. A. B. G.

BOSTON.

The paper read by Mr. Joseph C. Peirce, at the Bellows Falls Convention of the New England Gallaudet Association, has put new life into the movement to establish a Home for the Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes. Here are a few facts concerning

THE NEW ENGLAND HOME FOR THE AGED, BLIND AND INFIRM DEAF,

Founded by the Rev. S. Stanley Searing, pastor of St. Andrew's Church Mission to the Deaf, out of sympathy for the lonely and unhappy deaf-mutes in almshouses or isolated, destitute and uncared for in their old age, and with the object of gathering them all under one roof in mutual companionship, cheerful surroundings, and with the benefit of religious services under non-sectarian auspices, and generally smoothing their pathway to the grave.

Incorporated in 1901, by a body of philanthropic citizens, prominent in business and professional life of Boston, and moved by the same generous sympathy for a less fortunate class in the community.

Endorsed by the New England Gallaudet Association of the Deaf, at Bellows Falls, Vt., September 1st and 2d, 1902, and a Board of State Organizers appointed to raise a Home Fund in each State.

Following is the Board of Trustees of the Home: The Rev. D. D. Addison, Dr. H. G. Spooner, Dr. John Dixwell, Rev. Herbert S. Johnson, Henry C. Deane, Esq., Messrs. E. W. Frisbee and A. S. Tufts, the Rev. S. Stanley Searing, Dr. Heber Bishop, L. H. Browne, Esq., and Hon. Freeman O. Emerson.

Dr. Heber Bishop, the Treasurer, is the New England Manager of the Aetna Life Insurance Company, of Hartford, Conn., with office at No. 7 Walter Street, Boston. He is the leading man among hunters of considerable means and generally takes to the woods every Fall. He is a "dead shot" and loves outdoor life. It is said on reliable authority that he shot a deer about a year ago and took it home with him. He has evinced his abundance of sympathy and interest in our welfare. All he can do, he will do for the wants of the handicapped.

The object of the New England Gallaudet Association is to volunteer the co-operation of all respectable deaf-mutes and their friends with such catholicity of spirit as will bring about the unity of purpose and harmony of action. We have pledged ourselves to help increase the Home Fund to the best of our means and ability, and feel it our duty to push the matter forward with as much courage as we can.

Our general organizer, Mr. Henry C. White, will send some brick plan books to each State organizer all over New England, as soon as he can get them ready. He believes that the "Home" will become a success should we continue to help along such a noble undertaking, inasmuch as the consensus of opinion founded upon experience and observation, generally speaks for itself.

We will find out how much money we can collect for the New England Home. Names of those raising the funds will be published in the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL from time to time.

The Rev. S. Stanley Searing feels very much encouraged by our unanimity of feeling towards our object, and does hope we will succeed in soliciting a long list of subscriptions, according to our consolidated efforts in New England.

Let us follow the example of Ohio and Pennsylvania.

The Rev. S. Stanley Searing has quartered himself in Halifax, Canada, until October 3d. He gives the Deaf-Mute Mission Society a lecture to-day.

Messrs. Philo Packard and E. W. Frisbee, and Mrs. Bowden, of Beverly, alternately take turns in preaching to the societies in Salem, every Sunday.

Wednesday, September 24th, witnessed the nuptial knot of Mr. Henry J. Morrill, of Lewiston, Maine, and Miss Trenholm. They

were the happy recipients of many wedding presents, and congratulations were showered upon them. They have bobbed up in Boston, Mass., on their wedding trip, for a week.

A committee of arrangements, composed of Messrs. Sawyer, Frisbee, Tufts and Bigelow, and Mrs. Charles Walker, is to decide upon date and place later in October for a memorial service, as a tribute to the late Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, and invite Mr. Edwin A. Hodgson to come to Boston, under the auspices of the Gallaudet Society, and deliver a eulogy upon the life and character of Rev. Thomas Gallaudet.

Don't forget that the "Harvest Party," will take in St. Andrew's Hall, on Chambers Street, on October 7th. Proceeds to aid the worthy poor. We hope it will be well patronized, at the admission price of 15 cents.

Mr. Albert A. Small will liberally help the party out with a small supply of vegetables, such he has raised for the firm of Hittinger Bros., of Belmont, Mass.

Mr. Small promises to get up a series of entertainments on the 10th of December, in commemoration of the Rev. Dr. Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet's birthday anniversary. He makes more than an attempt to increase the Home fund on a large scale.

A scheme has hit Mrs. George A. Holmes to organize a permanent board of lady managers, made up of well known ladies in the six States, in order to celebrate a big fair later, on the same basis as that of the Gallaudet Home, of New York.

What we want is the news from New England, so I hope your paper will win the universal approval of every New Englander.

Subscribe for the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL. I am authorized to send the Boston news every week.

JOSEPH C. PEIRCE.

In Memoriam.

WHEREAS, Our Heavenly Father, in His infinite wisdom and goodness, has removed from our midst the Reverend Thomas Gallaudet, D.D., L.H.D., the venerated pastor, loving friend and benefactor of the deaf, and

WHEREAS, The deceased had devoted his whole life to the spiritual uplifting of the deaf, aiding them in their trials and sustaining them in their sorrows; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we, the Parishioners of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, to whom he has so long and faithfully ministered, desire hereby to express our profound sense of the great loss we have sustained in this dispensation of Divine Providence, and a resolve to cherish in our hearts with grateful remembrance his zeal and unselfish devotion in leading us up to the light and knowledge of God's Holy law.

Resolved, That we tenderly condole with the family of our deceased pastor in the hour of trial and affliction, and devoutly commend them to the keeping of Him who looks with pitying eye on the widowed and fatherless.

Resolved, That, while we deeply sympathize with those who were bound to our departed pastor by the nearest and dearest ties, we share with them the hope of a joyful reunion in the better world, where there shall be no partings, and where ineffable bliss forbids a tear.

JOHN H. KEISER,
T. F. DRISCOLL,
A. A. BARNES.

DEAF-MUTE ARRESTED.

Frederick W. Meinken was held in \$2,000 bail by Magistrate Tighe in the Adams Street Court on Tuesday, September 30th, on a charge of misappropriating a check for \$1,153 made by the Steubenville Wall Paper Company to the International Paper Company, of Brooklyn, by which Meinken is employed.

Meinken is a deaf-mute. His lawyer charged that the proceeding was due to the legitimate children of his father, whose will he is contesting. Meinken is the natural son of Henry W. Meinken, who left more than a million, but none to him.—N. Y. Journal.

Clergyman:—My child, beware of picking a toadstool instead of a mushroom. They are easy to confuse.

Child:—That be all right, sir. Us bain't agoin' to eat 'em ourselves—they're agoin' to market to be sold.

Pennsylvania has captured the pennants of both big Leagues this year. It is something that rarely happens to a State, which makes the victory seem greater. And yet Pennsylvania is ridiculous for being slow! Oh, my! how nice it is to win victories slowly.

Freshman—"Where is the Suez Canal?"

Sapient Duck, (indicating the Potomac River, on the map.) "This is it."

FANWOOD.

In Memory of Rev. Dr. Gallaudet.

THE PROTEAN TY.

News Brevities.

(From the Regular Correspondent.)

The teachers, officers and pupils were called together in the chapel last Friday afternoon, at one o'clock, by Principal Currier, who informed them that they were assembled as a token of appreciation of the late Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, D.D., who had been connected all his life with the deaf and dumb. Resolutions had been drawn up by a committee composed of Miss Barrager, and Profs. Fox and Randall. The Principal read them orally, while Prof. Fox acted as interpreter. The resolutions were unanimously agreed upon by all. They were as follows:—

IN MEMORIAM.

At a meeting of the pupils, officers and teachers of the Institution, held on the afternoon of Friday, September 26th, the following Minute and Resolutions were adopted:

In the passing away of Reverend Thomas Gallaudet, D.D., L.H.D., we mourn the loss of a friend who performed life-long service for the Institution. From 1843, when, in early manhood, he entered the profession of deaf-mute instruction as a teacher in this Institution, filling a position in this capacity for sixteen years, and subsequently, as a member of the Board of Directors, he ever manifested a warm and constant interest in the work, and loyalty to his share to aid its progress and usefulness.

Dr. Gallaudet was elected a Director of the Institution on June 10th, 1862, and served continuously on the committee of Instruction for forty years. His personal acquaintance with the peculiarities of the deaf child, added to his experience as a teacher in the Institution, and his knowledge of its needs, peculiarly fitted him for a position of so great importance. He was twice elected on the delegations representing the Institution at International Congresses of teachers of the deaf, held in Europe, and was frequently the representative of the Directors at the Conventions of the American Instructors of the Deaf in this country.

In his capacity as a member of the Committee of Instruction, of which he was Chairman for many years, Dr. Gallaudet was brought into close contact with the pupils, teachers and officers, to all of whom his benevolent countenance was familiar, and with most of whom he was personally acquainted. In his periodic inspection of the school, his warm and kindly disposition, and his sincerity of purpose became known to us, to be admired and appreciated; therefore, be it

Resolved, That in the death of Dr. Gallaudet the Institution has lost a valued friend whose life-work, closely interwoven in its history and progress, was rich in service.

Resolved, That in his death, the deaf were left to mourn the loss of a friend of singular sweetness and purity of character, whose life was one of untiring devotion to their uplifting, to the advancement of their education, and of their spiritual and temporal welfare.

Resolved, That a copy of this Minute and Resolutions be transmitted to the family of our deceased friend, and that it be presented for publication to the *American Annals of the Deaf*, and to the *DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL*.

ENOCH HENRY CURRIER,
Chairman.

THOMAS FRANCIS FOX,
Secretary.

Because of the bustle and bustle incidental to the opening of the school, Mr. Currier said he had waited till this particular time to call the school together in the chapel. No extended remarks were made, as we have a holiday on November 19th, Harvey P. Peet's birthday, which is also known as Benefactor's Day, and then appropriate remarks would be made on the lives of those benefactors of the deaf who have lately gone to their reward. The Lord's Prayer was said by all, and a benediction by the Principal, after which every one returned to their respective places at school.

The Protean Society held its annual meeting last Friday evening in the boys' study-room at nine o'clock. It was at this meeting that new officers were chosen for the ensuing year. Counselor Currier, who presided, called the meeting to order, after which the secretary gave the report of the last annual meeting. After other business of minor importance had been attended to, nominations were made, and in each case the officer was unanimously elected. The new officers for the year are as follows: President, Wm. Renner; Vice-President, Barnett Zwofe; Secretary and Treasurer, Alfred Stern; Executive Committee: Henry Powell, Chairman; James Seelig and Frederick Berger; Librarian, Erich Berg.

Major W. H. Van Tassel, one of the honorary members, was present at the meeting, and filled the office of teller. After the elections were over, the newly elected officers each said words of gratitude on being elected. The retiring officers were also called upon to speak. The meeting adjourned after a short speech by the Counselor, full of important advice which, if followed, will prove very profitable.

The first monthly social reunion of the pupils came off Saturday evening, the 27th inst., in both the

boys' and girls' study rooms. Misses Burchard, Buckingham, Barrager, Mary Tanzas and Captain William Renner, constituted the Committee of Arrangements. After the grand march came lancers, then this was followed by waltz and two-step. There were also games in plenty to delight everybody. Ping-pong was the favorite, and of course, Miss Forsythe and Wesley Van Tassel were at it that evening. A most enjoyable time was had by all present, and it seemed all too soon when the drum taps reminded them that bedtime had arrived.

Finding that Croton water did not agree very well with her, Miss N. Wallace, one of the girls' sewing teachers, wrote a few advertising poems to a concern dealing in bottled waters. She was highly elated the other day to receive a box of thirty-five bottles of Highland water from Maine. Now she is growing taller, at least, it is rumored to be so.

The Fanwood Literary Association will hold its annual meeting in the chapel, next Saturday, October 4th.

Mr. Witbeck, a former pupil of Fanwood, made a visit last Sunday. He was accompanied by Frederick Satow, also once a pupil here. Both come from Schenectady, where they work in a large electrical concern. Mr. Witbeck found the school very much changed since he left it thirty-two years ago.

Color-bearer Jacob Schwartz, Second-Sergeant Birek, Corporal Westlake and Sergeant-Major Amnuth now sleep in the cadet-officers' quarters, having been transferred there last week.

The boys were measured for their new winter uniforms a few days ago.

Prompted by the untiring efforts of Miss Judge, a little band of forceful young persons, composed of Misses Bonoff, Clark, and Kipp, and Cadet Loew, was gathered together, and after some discussion, each agreed to contribute three cents toward a fund to buy a package of cereal known by the name of "Force." It is also worthy to note that Miss Judge was, herself, chosen to perform the arduous task of journeying to some bargain counter and buying the precious package.

Miss Mary A. Carroll, of Buffalo, was a visitor last week.

Mr. Franklin Campbell, a former pupil of the old Fiftieth Street School, paid the printing office a visit Monday morning.

W. R.

CHAS. SPARROW, SUICIDE.

HIS DEAD BODY FOUND IN THE HASWELL HOUSE.

The body of a man, supposed at first to be Charles Henry, but who was later identified as Charles Sparrow, a shoemaker, was found in a room of the Haswell House early yesterday morning, with a bullet wound in his right temple. He had committed suicide and used a 22-calibre revolver to end his life with. Coroner Pfantz took charge of the case and had the body removed to Foll's undertaking rooms.

The clerk in the Haswell House says that the man went to the hotel on Saturday last and registered as Charles Henry. He was not seen after that until Saturday night. Proprietor Myers' suspicions were aroused yesterday when the stranger did not appear, and Thomas Flannery, a porter, was sent to the room to investigate. He found the man to be dead in bed, with an ugly wound in his head. He was undressed.

At the undertaking rooms the body was identified by Matthew Kendrick. Mr. Kendrick says that Sparrow lived in this city 10 years ago, and at present has a daughter living on Bassett Street. He at one time conducted a prosperous business here, but had reverses and other troubles which drove him out of the city. The daughter is 14 years old.

At the hotel, Sparrow admitted that he had a daughter living here, and informed the clerk that he had not seen her for 10 years.

The dead man was a mute, and all that was gained from him in the hotel was by his writings on a little pad of paper, which he carried.—*Albany Argus*, Sep. 26.

CHURCH NOTICES.

NINETEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY, OCTOBER 5TH.

St. Ann's Church, New York, 3 P.M., Holy Communion.

St. Ann's Church, New York, 8 P.M., Service Memorial of the Reverend Dr. Gallaudet. Addresses by several clergymen and laymen.

St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn, 3 P.M.

Trinity Church, Newark, N. J., 3 P.M.

Social gathering in St. Ann's Guild Room, on Tuesday evening, October 7th.

The largest Bible in the world is said to be one in the possession of a German lady. It is two feet six inches long and 20 inches wide. It is over 200 years old.

CHICAGO.

Mr. Hasenstab's Evangelical Work.

PROGRESS OF MANKIND.

Codman on Trusts—Et Ceteras.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

"Who died for us, that, whether we wake or sleep, we should live together with him?"—I Thess. 5:10.

The above verse was Rev. Philip J. Hasenstab's text for his sermon Sunday afternoon, at the M. E. Church, after returning from his one month's mission tour in Nebraska, Iowa, Illinois and Indiana. Before delivering his sermon Rev. Mr. Hasenstab read Genesis 3, and I Thess. 5:1-24, and then offered prayer. He recited in signs a hymn, "What a friend we have in Jesus." After the sermon the pastor again signed "Christ Crucified." He said that he served Holy Communion to 140 persons while on his late tour, and that he was getting ready to send his annual report to the annual conference, which is to be held in Austin, on the 8th of October, and that the church monthly will be distributed at the church next Sunday. Miss Mary Rawlings was made a full member of the congregation, after giving proof that she was a former member of a church in Kentucky. After the collection Holy Communion was celebrated, after which all joined the pastor in signing prayer and a hymn.

Mr. James I. Sansom addressed the Pas-a-Pas Club members and ladies at its regular monthly meeting Saturday evening, and the audience (about fifty) enjoyed a very pleasant evening. The president of the literary circle, Mr. Wayman, was absent; Mrs. Ed. Kingon, vice-president, occupied the chair. Mr. Sansom's topic was: "The Pas-a-Pas Progress of Mankind to Civilization." The words "Pas-a-Pas" (French) used in his subject puzzled a good many of the audience, but the lecturer explained that they mean "step by step." The club has for its motto the same words. The outline from notes follows:

When and where the first man appeared on earth; how he looked; his advantages over other animals; the condition of primitive man. The steps leading to civilization: the making of tools and weapons, age of stone and age of metals; fire, to cook his food, to shape his tools and weapons, to keep warm in winter; domestication of animals; agriculture; language and religion. The present century has produced more than all preceding centuries to make human life easier and happier. Discovery, invention, education and culture have at the same time multiplied the food supply and the comforts of life for the masses of the people. Everything now is showing progress, thanks to "The Pas-a-Pas Progress of Mankind to Civilization."

Along the bench
College graduates grave and college
Read Mr. Sansom's report,
And wink the other eye.

At the conclusion of Mr. Sansom's lecture, Mr. O. C. Codman spoke on "Trusts."

The competition is evil. This is at least one bad feature of the financial situation that is very plain. It is good and clear that the merging and consolidating of many corporations into one giant association under supreme management, instead of the several former competing organizations, the Trusts are able to destroy competition and control prices in the respective spheres. The trusts are creatures of law, and by law should be forcibly restrained from monopoly and combination against competition in labor production and prices of commodities. He further stated that the "trust" is so old, first originating in Holland, in 1853. What will be the outcome of its effect on human future is hard to tell. We can only hope for the best and refer to the past,

"All's well that ends well"

experience for the foundation of our hope. In the internal policy we cannot afford to rest satisfied until the government secures for us fair dealing and equal justice between man and man. Mr. Codman is regarded as one of the most capable lecturers.

Chester had a dream that made him glad
Dear JOURNAL readers,
He dreamed that he was Pierp. and had
A trust in dollars.

Mr. George T. Dougherty and Mrs. James K. Watson made some additional remarks. The former spoke of the advancement and success of the Twentieth Century, and the latter talked on "Trusts," saying it would be a very good thing to form an ice trust at the North Pole. Upon adjournment they dispersed to meet with Mrs. Ed. Kingon, temporary president, on Saturday evening, October 25th,

which will be a Halloween. All members are urged to be present.

A little chunk of Anthracite
Adorned Mrs. Vice-President throat divine
The ladies said "It is a shine."

Mrs. Charles Wolff, of St. Louis, Mo., is visiting friends in the city of "I will."

Mr. Richard Lindau, a former pupil of the Mt. Airy School, in Philadelphia, is working at the office of the *Chronicle* as photo engraver for the weekly magazine.

Mr. Harry Reed returned to Washington, D. C., through Chicago, after spending a short vacation in Wisconsin.

Mr. Fred Flora, of 182 S. South Street, Aurora, Ill., is the happy father of another baby boy that appeared at his home last week. He was at the church Sunday and received congratulations.

Mr. Otto E. Lucht, of Hammond, Ind., was struck down by an engine in August last. He said that he was unconscious for several hours, and when he regained his senses went home.

Miss Freida Bauman has gone to Guthrie, Oklahoma, to accept an offer as teacher.

Mr. Roy Carpenter, of Flint, Mich., spent a few days in Chicago last week.

Mr. Benjamin Taron, formerly of Fanwood, has secured a position as cigarmaker in Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Fritz were in St. Louis, Mo., recently, visiting the former's folks, and enjoyed the trip immensely. They have just moved to 828 Lawndale Avenue, and are very much pleased with their new home.

The Chicago Culture Club, composed of prominent society women, of which Mrs. Frederick K. Bowes, sister-in-law of Mr. E. N. Bowes, was past president and founder, is one of the largest in the city. An oil painting of Mrs. Frederick K. Bowes has just been completed, and the painting will be hung in Illinois Hall. It was presented to the club by last year's Board of Directors.

CHICAGO.

Deaf-Mute Wedding.

CUMBERLAND, MD., September 17.—Carl Speelman and Edith May Paxton, mutes, were married in the sign language at Kingsley Methodist Episcopal Church, here, to-night, by the Rev. D. E. Moylan, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Mute Church, of Baltimore.

Reginald Drake, Harry Miller, John Phillips and Peter Ward were ushers. The church was crowded, the majority being young women, who stood on the benches, while at least a half-dozen were perched on the Sunday school organ.

Pandemonium reigned during the ceremony, as scores chattered, while others would cry out as benches toppled over and pitched them to the floor. All sorts of observatories were constructed of benches and chairs. At least five hundred persons stood in front of the church.

Mrs. A. P. Zimmerman, wife of the pastor, played the wedding march. Speelman is 26 years old, and was educated at Frederick, while his bride was educated at an institution for the deaf and dumb in Philadelphia, where her parents lived until recently.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

At the Black Gill Club House, Point Pleasant, on Irondequoit Bay, a farewell dinner for the season was tendered to about thirty-five visiting deaf-mutes by friends. Mrs. Ed. Timmerman was in charge of the committee of arrangements. It was a great success.

Previous to the dinner the guests met in the parlor of the club house, where fraternal greetings were exchanged, and afterwards they were conducted through the departments of the house by the members. The visitors declared it to be the best club house they had ever seen. As each room was inspected, nothing but praise was heard.

The Dinner Committee received the guests, and they were seated at one long table. As the committee needed more help, President Brown and Secretary Gibbs volunteered to lend their hands, and made work less for the committee. At the table the guests ate heartily, and told funny stories, and reported dinner was an elegant one. The rest of the afternoon, members took the guests out on the bay in boats, and early in the evening, on account of the change of the time of the electric railway, they went home in a body, saying they had a grand time.

Mr. Leo. Knittell went to Buffalo to attend the Buffalo Fishing Club's outing Sunday, and came home Monday night. Enjoyed himself very much.

Mr. Chas. Gibbs went to Sedus to make his parents a visit yesterday, and got home in the evening.

TIP.

Mrs. James Little, who lives near Acheson, Kan., who was herself a twin, and whose husband was a twin and the son of a twin, has given birth to her second pair of twins, the first pair being about 18 months old when the second pair made its appearance.

How Death Is Caused by Fear Explained Through Experiments of Famous Scientists.

"How does fear kill?" A terrifying dream scared to death Miss Mary Hendrickson, a Brooklyn schoolgirl, a few days ago. Six months before her death a night-mare intensely frightened the unfortunate young woman, who lived at No. 411 Cumberland Street. Thereafter horrible dreams again and again awoke her, trembling.

Two hours after she retired on the night of her death Miss Hendrickson uttered a piercing shriek that awoke her parents. They rushed into her room. The girl stood erect in her bed. Wide staring, she glared straight before her; an expression of terror disfigured her face.

Mother and father tenderly spoke to her and sought to pacify her. She sank to her bed, pale, quivering, seemingly exhausted. For a minute or two her breath came quick and shallow, like one breathes who confronts a deadly danger.

Then she ceased to breathe—she was dead.

These facts were repeated to eminent physicians, physiologists and psychologists, and the question was put to them:

"How does fear kill?" The curious and valuable information imparted by them in answer is here given:

Fear kills oftenest when he or she who endures it has a weak heart or some organic disease of the heart.

Miss Hendrickson was being treated for a weak heart before the terror of the last nightmare overcame her.

Many of the symptoms of intense fear and of the shock that follows a severe injury are almost identical: the sufferer lies perfectly still as if paralyzed or trembles violently; the lips are blue, the forehead beaded with cold perspiration; the body's temperature is reduced; the heart either beats feebly or palpitates most violently. In a word in both cases vitality, command over brain and muscle is at the lowest.

WHY FEAR CAUSES PARALYSIS.

Indeed, the paralysis, which permits neither escape nor defense, is one of the most terrible effects of fear. Women and children, overcome by terror, turn their backs, cover their eyes with their hands or creep into a corner, not daring to look behind them. In terror even men usually intrepid cannot run away if they wish to.

It is as if their motor nerves were paralyzed, while their inhibitory nerves are in perfect and complete control of all their muscles.

Any one who has been badly scared will remember that he trembled, that he "broke into sweat," that "cold chills ran down his back." Horses, unless they are trained to the sight, tremble at a tiger or an elephant and run. The gibbons, most acute of monkeys, are so frightened when men surprise them on the ground that they passively allow themselves to be bound.

But, these physicians said, fear sometimes kills perfectly healthy people by arresting the action of the heart. Autopsies on people thus scared to death have failed to show a single lesion that would explain the fatal result.

Other powerfully depressing emotions, such as great and sudden sorrow, cause death in the same manner. Throughout history and literature there are examples of such deaths, and every now and then one is exploited in the newspapers. In Shakespeare's "Pericles" Thaisa, wife of Pericles, is frightened by a threatened shipwreck and dies. In Scott's "Guy Mannering" the sudden news of the death of her little boy is fatal to Mrs. Bertram. "Died of a broken heart" is a common expression, and in some such cases postmortem examinations have found the heart actually broken. Agony of mind has so disordered the heart's action as to cause its rupture.

But not only terror and grief kill. That lively emotion joy has had fatal results. History tells of the Lacedemonian woman who had long believed her son dead, who saw him alive, and herself fell lifeless.

FOUQUET DIED OF JOY.

The physicians consulted had met no such deaths in their own experience; so they turned to the authorities. Fouquet died of excessive joy on being released from prison. A niece of the celebrated Leibnitz fell dead immediately on seeing a casket of gold left to her by her deceased uncle. Galen mentions death from joy, and says joy is much more dangerous than anger.

In discussing this cause of death Haller says the blood is probably sent to the brain with such violence as to cause apoplexy—rupture of the vessels of the brain. A case of death from sudden joy is recorded in which the pericardium (the sac surrounding the heart) was found full of blood.

There are instances of death from laughter. Saint-Foix says that the Moravian Brethren, a sect of Anabaptists that have a great horror of blood, executed their condemned brethren by tickling them to death. Profound shame was the

direct cause of one death that is recorded. Morgagni mentions a woman who died from disappointment, and only from disappointment, because they baby that came to bless her was a girl. She wanted a boy.

The physicians said that the terror produced by dreams would have the same paralyzing effect on the heart as waking terror. Sometimes dreams point to approaching disease. Apoplexy has often been preceded by dreams of frightful calamities, and not rarely the coming of intermittent fever is announced by persistent and terrifying dreams. Hammond has collected records of a large number of such dreams, seeming to indicate that before the recognizable symptoms of disease present themselves a variety of morbid dreams may occur. Dana, the celebrated alienist, quotes Albers as saying on much more solid authority than any dream book rests:

"Frightful dreams are signs of cerebral congestion. Dreams about fire are, in women, signs of impending hemorrhage.

CASES OF DEATH FROM FEAR.

"Dreams about blood and red objects are signs of inflammatory conditions. Dreams of distorted forms are frequently signs of diseases of the liver."

Many authorities quoted by the physicians consulted described cases that prove the extent of shock produced by fear—shock that causes death by heart failure. Lauder Brunton describes their remarkable instance:

"A janitor of a college had made himself obnoxious to the students, and they determined to punish him. They prepared a block and axe, which they took to a lonely place, and having appropriately arranged themselves, some remained to act as judges, others went to bring the janitor before them.

"He at first affected to treat the affair as a joke, but the students solemnly assured him they were in earnest, and ordered him to prepare for immediate death. Trembling, pale, uttering supplications for mercy, the janitor was blindfolded and made to kneel before the block, on which his head was placed. The chief judge loudly and sternly gave the order:

"Executioner, do your duty!" "The axe was rattled, but instead of its sharp edge a wet towel was brought sharply down on the back of the janitor's neck.

"The students burst into laughter and ordered their captive to arise. He remained motionless. They snatched the bandage from his eyes and, to their horrified astonishment, found he was dead. Fear, only fear, had killed him."

IRELAND.

MISSION HALL FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB, FISHERWICK PLACE.

At the evening service in the Mission, Hall Mr. Francis Maginn, B.D., preached a special sermon in reference to the visit of the British Association. The text chosen was Daniel i., 17—"God gave them knowledge." In the course of an eloquent sermon the preacher, referring to the discoveries of science during the past century, said such discoveries should make them all the more humble in the presence of God, whom it had pleased to give his knowledge. If God had allowed their generation to discover more of the secrets of nature, and to have a better knowledge of the wonders of the earth, air, and sea than was vouchsafed to their forefathers, it should lead them to worship Him more reverently and trust Him more fully. No matter what new discoveries science might make, no matter how appalling at first sight the consequences might appear, let them never forget that underneath them were the "everlasting arms" and that their Father held them in the "hollow of His hand." Perhaps no class of society had derived greater benefit from the scientific discoveries of this age than had the deaf and dumb. At the dawn of the last century they found them untaught and believed to be unteachable; now they had many deaf and dumb persons who had received the highest education. —*Belfast Northern Whig.*

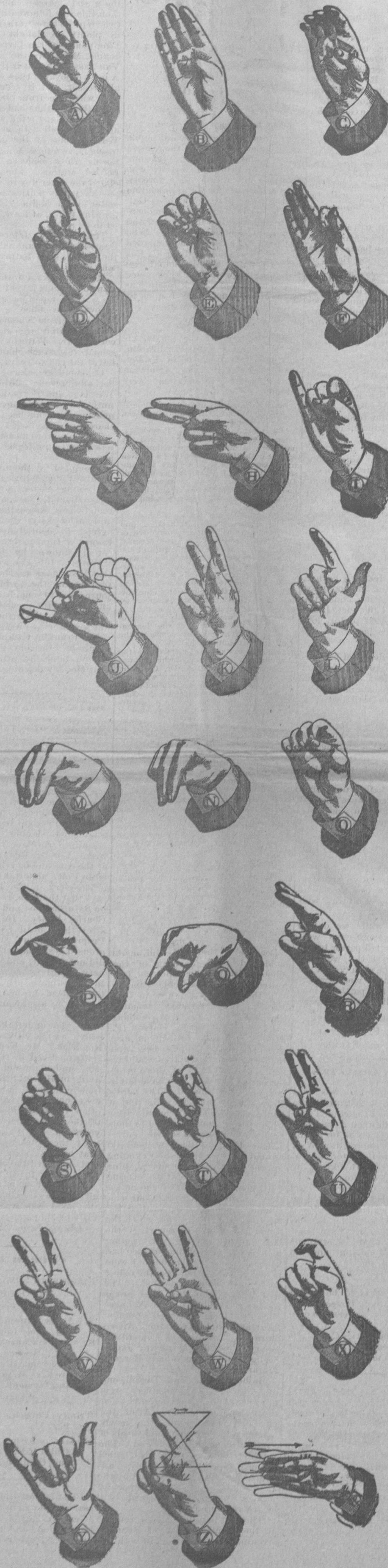
BUFFALO AND ROCHESTER. Schedule of Services and Meetings.

BUFFALO. First and Third Sunday of each month (in the basement of St. Paul's Church, entrance on Pearl Street, near Church Street), 8 P.M., Evening Prayer; Second Sunday, 11 A.M., Holy Communion; Fourth Sunday, 11 A.M., Morning Prayer.

All other Sundays (on the second floor of the Parish House, 138 Pearl Street, opposite St. Paul's Church). Second and Fourth Fridays, 8 P.M. Meeting of the Pan-a-Pan Society, (in the Parish House).

ROCHESTER. In Parish House of St. Luke's Church. First Sunday of month, 11 A.M. Holy Communion. Second and Fourth Sundays, 7:30 P.M. Evening Prayer. Third Sunday, 11 A.M. Morning Prayer. First Thursday of month, 8 P.M. Ladies' Aid Society. All other Thursdays, 8 P.M. Social gatherings.

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